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STAN LEE**

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MONSTER MADNESS™

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER 10
Monstrous movie reviews by Don McGregor and Tony Isabella, our own cadaverous critics!

MONSTER OF THE MONTH 20
The spotlight's on *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, star of stage, screen, and scream! Chilling commentary by Allen Asherman and Gary Gerani with a pandemonious portrait of the Gill-Man by Dave Cockrum.

MONSTERS OF LEGEND 32
Come with us into the wiles of Canada for a look at one of history's most fearful players, the flesh-eating Wendigo! Your guide is Jeff Wasserman, aided by Herb Trimpe.

MASTERS OF TERROR 38
Robert Bloch, author of *Psycho* and *Asylum*, is the subject of this first in a series on the man you love to scare you by Tony Isabella.

MARVEL'S MIGHTIEST MONSTERS 45
A feature-length report on one of Marvel's howling-est new hits, *Werewolf by Night*, by Chris Claremont with art by Mike Ploog.

WHERE GHOULS RUSH IN 50
Your comments on *Monster Madness* #1 in our titillating new letters section!

MONSTER MADNESS MONOLOGUE OF THE MONTH 63
The winner of issue #1's "What Is Lon Chaney Saying?" caption contest!

And dozens of ghoulish gags
by our sinister master of ceremonies,
STAN LEE!



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I'm
Hortense—
fly me!



Mmmm—
I can't
believe I ate
the whole
thing!



If he wants a
massage parlor--

We
better
FIND him
one!



Aw,
honey—
these new
fashion heels
are too
high for
me.

Wear
'em!
They
turn me
on.

A black and white photograph of a man with long, light-colored hair. He has a mosquito on his forehead, near his right eye. He is looking upwards and to the right with a concerned expression. His right hand is raised, palm facing forward, with fingers spread. He is wearing a dark jacket over a patterned shirt. In the background, there are some plants and a dark, indistinct figure.

Nobody move!
I'll get that
mosquito **THIS**
time!

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

MONSTROUS MOVIE REVIEWS

BY TONY ISABELLA AND DON MCGREGOR



When we promised you a dazzling array of new features in this issue of MONSTER MADNESS, we weren't just pulling your tentacles! From now on, we'll be keeping you

In the know about the latest in horror, monster, and science-fiction films.

We'll let you know if they're good, bad, or just plain ugly! We've got a trio of terror trips to review this go-round, so let's not waste a second!

Ray Harryhausen's Cyclops from
THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD.

"ASYLUM"

"Asylum" is the third collection of short stories by Psycho author Robert Bloch to appear in motion picture form. Few writers have had their short stories anthologized on film. Bloch has been doing it with alarming regularity. But then, his stories are usually of an alarming nature. (Witness "The Man Who Cried Werewolf" in the current issue of Marvel's own MONSTERS UNLEASHED!)

"Asylum" opens with young Dr. Martin—no relation to young Dr. Kildere—arriving at the Dunsmoor Asylum for the incurably insane to apply for a position as assistant psychiatrist. He expects to meet Dr. Starr, the head of the institution. Instead, he is met by Dr. Rutherford, Starr's associate, who informs him that Dr. Starr has gone mad—and is now himself a patient of the asylum.

As a test of Martin's capabilities, Rutherford asks him to interview four of the asylum's "residents" and determine which of them is Dr. Starr. He is warned that Starr has taken on a totally new personality, not unlike those strange-of-nature's creatures, the chameleon and the politician. Bloch uses this framework to tell four tales of psycho-logical and supernatural horror, all of which originally appeared in *Weird Tales*, the most respected fantasy mag of all time.

Not all of the four stories are worthy of Robert Bloch. The first, "Frozen Fear," starts off well enough, but soon degenerates into meaningless slepstick. It's about a man who murders his wife and places her dismembered parts neatly into a meat freezer. (Or should that be meat freezer?) The terror builds nicely to the shocking moment when the husband opens the freezer. Unfortunately, the episode continues with the man's girl friend fighting off the grotesquely moving parts (wrapped in butcher paper, what else?) in a ludicrous ballet of tendons and torsos.

"The Weird Tailor" is the best of the four stories. Barry Morse turns in a splendid performance as Bruno, a poor tailor who agrees to make a suit from mystical cloth for Peter Cushing. Morse really fits the part. And as for Cushing, have you ever seen a bad performance from this man? He brilliantly handles the role of Mr. Smith, a quietly grieving man whose sole ambition is to restore his dead son to life. Kudos must also go to Ann Firbank as Bruno's wife and the cause of this episode's chilling culmination.

"Lucy Comes to Stay" is a predictable split-personality tale, relieved only by a fine performance by Burt Eklund as the mouth-wateringly murderous figment of Charlotte Rampling's imagination.

"Mannikins of Horror" is the final story-within-a-story and is greeted by solid performances by Herbert Lom (the mad Dr. Byron), Patrick Magee (Dr. Rutherford), Robert Powell (Dr. Martin, who has aged considerably since this picture began), and Geoffrey Bayldon (Max, the asylum orderly). Dr. Byron's hobby is making lifelike mechanical puppets. Very lifelike. Very ionic. He breathes his own life force into one of the puppets and sends it on a mission of murder. This is a case where what isn't shown is a source of tremendous horror. See for yourself.

The finale of the film reveals the identity of Dr. Starr and it's a surprising revelation. But the denouement of the situation leaves much to be desired, considering the loose ends of the first three stories. Judicious handling of these loose threads could have sent the viewer home shivering.

The film's worth seeing, but wait until it's playing second-run theaters. The price will be better, and chances are there'll be a second picture on the marquee.

"Asylum" was produced by Amicus Productions (Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky). Their other pictures include "The House That Dropped Blood" (also by Bloch) and the highly-praised "Tales From the Crypt" (based on the old EC horror comics by Al Feldstein, Johnny Craig, and Bill Gaines). They pride themselves on producing "class" horror films with the very best writers and actors. Their pride is justified. And, judging from their current venture, a second EC horror film called "The Crypt of Terror," their pride will continue to be justified.

—T.L.



Patrick Magee.



Peter Cushing.





William Marshall as Blacula.

"BLACULA"

BLACULA is only referred to as Blacula once during the entire film, and for that someone should sincerely thank American-International. Black Dracula would have had so much more class, but American-International isn't known for having much trucking with class and many times not even for genuine horror. BLACULA is better than many of their releases, thanks mostly to William Marshall who plays the title lead with a great sense of dignity. The other actors and actresses are given very little to do with the exception of Vernetta McGee. Blacula, originally an African Prince during the early 1800's, is positive that she is a 1970 reincarnation of his late wife. Vernetta is lovely enough to be anybody's carnation, re or not, and Blacula seems to be of the same mind as he spends most of the film trying to convince her to join him in his undead activities.

To its credit, BLACULA unravels at a peli-meli pace, in fact,

that is the film's most appealing facet. At times, what with the number of people becoming vampires during the unfolding of the picture, it reminds one of the 1980's horror classic, BLACK SUNDAY. Unfortunately... ah, horror fans hate that word... this film doesn't have the shadowy intensity of that earlier vampire film, basically because someone wasn't paying much attention to the lighting of many of the scenes. Too many sequences have too much light and that weakens the brooding, grim tone that a horror film, especially a vampire film, needs for mood and atmosphere. Often, entire sequences are bleached of color as if someone were trying to use the flood-lights on the sparse sets to destroy Blacula by melting William Marshall into the ground.

Thalmus Rasulola (which would be a great name for a character within a vampire film) is the lead protagonist, a police doctor who becomes the first one to realize that there is a vampire invading the fair city of Los Angeles. There's always one of those in these types of pictures and half the fun is watching them trying to convince everyone else that what they're trying to tell them is fact. Mr. Rasulola isn't helped any by a poor sound-track. One can actually envision people sitting around a set of mikes in a studio room, dubbing the sound onto the film. The sets, too, especially at the police station, leave much to be desired and certainly do not effect authenticity.

There are some comic moments in the film. A black lady cab-driver shouts angrily at Blacula when he makes her run her cab onto the side-walk, but she abruptly changes her tune when our black vampire shifts his attention from the before-mentioned Vernetta McGee to her. And there are a couple of gayly decorated interior decorators that react toward Marshall in the best comic duo traditions.

The moments mentioned above, an effective closing scene, and Mr. Marshall and his romantic lead, Miss McGee, make BLACULA worth passing attention, with hopes that when the planned sequel arrives, American-International will have placed some of the profits from this film into the next so that the actors won't have to rely solely on personality to convince us of the situations.

One thing is certain, American-International will try to make this new vampire series as habit forming as Dracula's bite. They just might succeed.

—D. McG.



"DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN"

DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN returns Vincent Price to his role as the deformed, murder-orientated genius who seeks to find a way to bring his wife out of the state of suspended animation that keeps her from total death. Phibes is certainly back, whistling his same bad vibes for those unlucky enough to cross his path: and, as anyone who has seen the original DR. PHIBES knows, there are victims standing in line just waiting for the diabolical madman to practice his craft upon.

The first Phibes film ended with Phibes entombing himself with his lovely wife, systematically pumping the blood from his veins and substituting the vital life substance with formaldehyde. It seems that even with the choosings, supposedly, of his own death, he must add a touch of the exotic. And this Phibes entry carries on that tradition.

This time around, Phibes isn't trying to kill the doctors that failed to save his wife's life after a fatal car crash, but that doesn't mean that he lacks for prey! After resurrecting himself, a self-manipulated Lazarus, Phibes calls his voluptuous assistant, Vulvura, back from whatever dimension or nether world she inhabits. Neither Vulvura nor the script ever explains just who exactly Vulvura is, and she remains mute throughout the ghastly proceedings. But she seems to like helping Phibes carry out his torturous schemes and quietly consents when Phibes tells her they are heading for Cairo. Their destination, an underground fortress buried beneath the ruins of an ancient Egyptian tomb, wherein flows a mystic river, the fabled Gates of the Sacred River, gates which open only during the conjunction of the sun and moon, revealing a passage way to the secret of eternal life. Unfortunately for Phibes, another man is after that secret, the haunted, fear-driven Professor Belderbeck.

The Phibes series is a level above the average horror film. The most noticeable aspect of the films is that they have a higher budget than most, a fact easily recognizable because of the expensive, detailed sets that adorn the films. Set Designer Brian Eatwell has a keen eye for detail that lend the films a rich visual appeal that ranges from 1920 Dollesque furnishings with rising organs and life-sized marionette band players to the crypt interiors of exotic splendour within an Egyptian tomb.

DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN also has a large cast, hosting many cameo names who appear all too briefly in this episode. Peter Cushing seems to have been included merely to list his name on the marquee as he appears only for a few moments. Only Hugh Griffith of all the name players has a role of any substance, and he plays it as broadly as the others. The entire film is unrelieved in that manner, style and visuals are much more important than plot most times, and a perverse sense of humor filters into almost every scene. At moments, PHIBES leans toward camp, but unlike the late BATMAN television series, the director of the Phibes' films knows when to turn serious. The airy extravaganzas of the scenes between Phibes and Vulvura in their various exotic retreats are substituted for direct, harsh story telling when it comes to the death scenes. These are played for real and they always proceed past the point you might expect. If Phibes sends flesh-eating falcons to rip a man to shreds, it is not enough to merely show a flurry of wings and claws battering the man about, the final graphic scene must have one of the carnivorous perched upon the corpse, tearing out hell of its victims' neck! As mentioned, the film turns deadly serious at these moments.

DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN is worth seeing, but one has the uncomfortable feeling that the makers were trying too desperately to repeat the success of their first film. Instead of seeking new directions, the film retains the same form as the last, adding a few clever twists to the death scenes, but never becoming as innovative as the first Phibes film, almost as if they weren't certain what made the original work and were trying to imitate themselves.

But horror enthusiasts should enjoy themselves, nevertheless, for even with this slightly dated feeling of déjà-vu, the film has a number of frightening moments, a good number more than most of the films in the horror market.

—D. McG.



Vincent Price as the diabolical Dr. Phibes.

One of his victims.



Prof. Belderbeck must choose between eternal life and his wife.





If you're
staying in,
may I have
the Honda
tonight?



How'd you
know
I swiped
the jelly
sandwich?

when I planned to retire before fifty

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.



"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on a little over a thousand dollars of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boned beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 30 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchisees offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—a little over a thousand dollars—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning up-soiled furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it softens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it lifts out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

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fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

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to give me her
exact
measurement.



MONSTER OF THE MONTH

THE CREATURE FEATURES

by Gary Gerani and Allan Asherman



At first glance, the three Universal films starring the Creature from the Black Lagoon appear to be the same old story. Small-swamp boy meets big-city girl, makes good love girl, in big city anyway. But how many of the Gill-Man's fans realize that he is a distant relative of the Frankenstein monster, a product just as much of science gone mad as of his sticky Amazonian swamp?

In 1963, an unknown scientist, probably working in some remote mountain laboratory in central Europe, discovered the secret of making three-dimensional motion pictures. Immediately, arrows flew at audiences and cars sped through screens, until someone at Universal Pictures took a look at 3-D and decided the best use of the discovery would be in films in which not arrows or cars, but monsters would spring into theaters to men ace audiences. After their initial success with a 3-D science-fiction thriller called *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*, the Universal monster-makers produced *THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON*, the first of three spine-tingling Creature features.

BLACK LAGOON tells the terrifying tale of a group of scientists who, while searching the uncharted regions of the Amazon River, stumble across an old native legend. More than a myth, the legend told of a missing link between human and sea life . . . a monstrosity biped with scales, fins, and the strength of ten men . . . and, most terrifying of all, with the intelligence of a man!



It wouldn't have been so bad if the Gill-Man hadn't been such a playboy. You see, while he had a particular dislike for intrepid young doctor-explorers like that played by Richard Carlson, he had a discriminating eye for beauty. Beauty, in this case, being Carlson's beautiful woman assistant, played by Julie Adams. During the course of his trying to destroy the expedition, Gill took a fancy to Miss Adams. In one of the most unique scenes in the film, we see the curious Creature swimming underwater, meticulously examining the movements of Miss Adams as she back-strokes above him, completely unaware of her admirer. Later in the film, Gill becomes more direct in his pursuits. He desperately tries to take Julia on a personally-guided tour of the romantic swamp bottom.

Had the Creature been a normal rival, Richard Carlson might have been just a bit kinder. But when you're dealing with a fellow who can bend guns and rearrange your face with one blow, a fellow who has just made off with your girl, it's understandable that you resort to tactics not exactly approved by the Marquis of Queensbury. Like spear-guns and firetraps.

Finally, Gill does get Julia to his private ghetto, only to have the tender moment interrupted by Carlson. Several bullets later, the unfair fight is finished. As Dick and Julia embrace, we see one last shot of the Gill-Man, floating face

down in the murky Amazon waters. Dead? Yes . . . just like the Frankenstein monster, Dracula, and the Wolf Man at the end of their premiere performances. In other words, just the beginning, folks.

Universal was the leading producer of horror/monster-type films, and, in the past, has created some of Hollywood's farthest-out make-ups and monster-suits. Only once before did they tackle the problem of turning someone into a creature of the sea, and that was back in 1948, when beautiful Ann Blyth was turned into a mermaid for MR. PEABODY AND THE MERMAID. At that time, the process began with Bud Westmore, head of Universal's make-up department, making a plaster-cast of Miss Blyth's lower half. The cast was carefully altered, and rubber scales glued into place around it, until a tough, rubberized tail was formed for the actress to wear like a skirt. Of course, it was impossible for her to walk in this get-up, and so she was carried from place to place, set to set, tank to tank. Awkward, yes. . . . But it was the beginning of the Creature!

Designer Jack Kavan was called in to aid Westmore and the Universal staff. First thing was the actor who would play The Creature—Ricou Browning, a tall man used to doing underwater stuntwork (You saw him many times in SEA HUNT on TV.). The most challenging part of his role was probably lying motionless while numerous casts were made of his head, upper torso, middle and lower body, and all his limbs. (Fortunately, all those casts weren't done at the same time, thus preserving Ricou's sanity.)

The molds made, the real work was started . . . solving the question of what alterations would be sculpted into the molds; how Westmore and Co. could go about turning a man into an amphibious missing-link creature, without limiting his movements for the film.

First the head was designed. The nose was definitely out; the gill-look was in, and fins naturally belonged with the gills. Armor plate-like structures were added to the shoulders, arms, stomach and legs to make the Creature appear quite formidable as a fighter. The belly was also made to appear ribbed with interlocking segments. Hands and feet were webbed and clawed. Fish-eyes and mouth completed the "fishy" look for the head, while a reptilian crest topped the skull. Fins went down the back.

The designing of the Creature in the Universal art room.





The other monster creations of Jack Keefe.

The head was a separate unit, as were the hands and feet. The limbs zippered shut and interlocked so that the joints were invisible when the suit was together.

The entire affair was painted a dull green, with red eyes and lips (a complete waste, for this film was in black-and-white).

All this wasn't as simple as it sounds; Westmore and his staff drew and sculpted countless sketches and models before the final version was arrived at. At various stages, the Creature was more fish than man, and his coloring and surface structures were changed many times.

The suit designed for the sequel to **BLACK LAGOON** was a trifle easier to make although the cumbersome 3-D cameras held things back until a curious underwater filming set-up was developed. The photographers, holding portable cameras, followed the Creature into the water as he swam. Greater mobility was the result, a mobility which showed up on the screen.

The Creature suit, which was slightly waterlogged during the making of the first film, had to be remodeled. Minor alterations were made, such as the shape of the eyes (more fish-like) and the gills (they pulsed now, which led to some pretty scary closeups).

REVENGE OF THE CREATURE, made in 1955 and again directed by Jack Arnold, introduces us to yet another group of scientists, this time from a Florida research oceanarium. They decide to capture the Creature and bring him back for study.

Gill puts up quite a fight, but scientific ingenuity wins out and the drugged Creature finds himself in Ocean Harbor, Florida. Electrical shocks are used to jolt the Gill-Man's nervous system throughout the scientists' studies, these shocks being used to teach the Creature the meaning of simple words like "eat," "sleep," and "stop." Gill's intelligence is underestimated. He learns another word . . . "escape!"

There is another young female scientist present and, because of the wet surroundings, she almost always goes around in a bathing suit. After making sure he has paid his Playboy Club dues, Gill escapes his prison and kidnaps the girl. It takes a loud speaker and T.F.L.Y.S. (This Film's Intrepid Young Scientist, played by John Agar) to finally rescue the damp damsel. Agar shouts "stop" and the Creature instinctively obeys.

The third and last Creature feature has biology specialists Jeff Morrow and Rex Rensen mutate the furious Gill-Man into an air-breathing being in **THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US**. They remove gills and add new organs to their prehistoric guinea pig. Before the end of the film, though, the Creature's frankly lousy disposition has messed things up and he returns to the ocean, leaving a lot of battered scientists behind him.

Although **THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US** was the last American Creature feature, Gill did pop up in a Mexican classic titled **CASTLE OF THE MONSTERS**. He also made cameo appearances in the Marilyn Monroe comedy, **THE 7-YEAR ITCH**. Followers of Rod Serling's **NIGHT GALLERY** can spot part of his suit in the "Pickman's Model" episode.

These days, the Creature is in semi-retirement. After assisting in the clearing of the swamp-land on which Walt Disney World now stands, he stayed on as that establishment's security chief and is said to be "serious" about Snow White. All in all, it's been a good life for Gill. He enjoys a healthy income via television residuals from his movies, which continue to be shown with alarming frequency for his many fans. If only those old spear wounds didn't throb before every rain storm.





Cool it!
Comedy acts are
a dime a dozen!

What else can
you guys do?

Going once—
going twice—
SOLD to the
lady in the red
Toyota!





I feel
like a new
person since
my nose
job.



They're doing
great things
with double-knits
these days.

And
best of all,
it came with
two pair
of pants.

**I'm tired
of blind
man's bluff!
Let's play
tag for
a while.**





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NAMED WARDEN-IN-CHARGE OF BANANAILA ISLAND I've been busy with fish & game work here. I was appointed the Warden-in-charge of the Island of Molokai, Hawaii. I'm on the island—the responsibility of this position is control management of all fish & game enhancement activities on the island. (Note: Pohnia, Jr. Hawaii)

LANDS JOB FIRST DAY AFTER GRADUATION "I finished my first season and examination on Sunday and Monday I began work for the Calif. Dept. of Fish & Game. This is what I remember first results!" C. G. Matthews, CA

COUNTS BIG GAME FROM "CHOPPER" I had the experience of a lifetime. The Game Park & Parks Dept. called me to fly helicopter and count big game with them. We counted six & deer. We saw quite large numbers of caribou as well as a number of fox. (Note: Hedges, CO)

REINJECTED FLEW BY ARCTIC GLACIER "I'm on job with the Wild Survey. I found out that Southern Canada, measuring, from and discharge of rivers and lakes. We have been out in low level planes on the Arctic Islands north of latitude 70°. We also find planes, land and out of in Alaska, sometimes and out of in Canada. We are extremely excited." (Note: B. Smith, Canada)

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the curse of

WENDIGO!

The Abominable Snowman of North America

by
JEFFREY H. WASSERMAN

32

Through books, motion pictures and television, the Yeti, more commonly known as the Abominable Snowman of the Himalayan Mountains, has been getting more than its fair share of publicity. Asia, however, does not have a monopoly on wandering man-like creatures of frozen wastelands. The legends of several North American Indian tribes tell of a similar snow creature called the Wendigo, a monster who preys on humans for its sustenance.

Readers of Marvel Comics' Incredible Hulk #162 will recall the epic battle between our green-skinned goliath and the terror of the Canadian wasteland. The illustrations by Herb Trimpe that accompany this article are from that issue. Steve Englehart's script told of the Hulk's futile attempts to rescue a hunter who had turned into a Wendigo before his human personality was totally destroyed. This is the curse of the Wendigo, a curse even more horrible than that of the werewolf. For once a man becomes a Wendigo, there is no cure, no period when he may walk among men as a man, only an awful eternity as a monster.

The Indian legends vary slightly. The Algonquians of the New York-Vermont-Quebec area believe the first Wendigo was a lost hunter. This hunter, wandering aimlessly in the frigid North and without provisions, was on the verge of starvation until he encountered another human. Desperate for food, the hunter killed and devoured the man he had met. The hunter realized how lost and doomed the act he had resorted to was and so continued to roam the woods, in time becoming a cannibalistic ogre, feeding on his fellow men. (Which is a pretty mediocre diet.)



The Saginaw Indians of the Michigan-Canadian area also have a legend about the Wendigo. Their story begins with an Indian family who lived by themselves in a lonely forest. Each day, the wife would watch the nearby lake for the return of her husband from hunting for the daily meals.

One day she noticed what seemed to be a very large man walking on the surface of the lake toward their lodge. She was scared and her first thought was that of flight, but it was too late for that, the strange creature was too near and her child was still in the lodge. Racing to their house, she led her child out and came face to face with the monster. To calm the young boy, she loudly exclaimed to him, "Why look, child! It is your grandfather!" The inhuman thing stopped in its tracks. "Surely he will have pay on us," she thought.

Yes, of course," the monster replied. He moved toward mother and child again. "Hewo you anything to eat?"

"Yes, we do," she answered, leading him to the supply her husband had left them before he left. She handed him some cooked meat, hoping to please him, but the creature brushed it aside and satisfied himself with the raw carcass of a deer.

When the father of this family returned home, he found that the monster had devoured his entire deer and was washing its face. While the monster took the fresh deer carcass that he had just brought in and proceeded to eat that, the father spoke hurriedly to his wife.

"Dear, this monster is a Wendigo. It eats animals and humans in a most terrible manner." Further words were drowned out by the monster tearing apart the deer's carcass and devouring it. The hunter was frightened and hesitant to approach or address the creature, but found that this opportunity would not arise. Upon finishing his meal, the Wendigo, obviously not up on his Empty Pot, let out a large and powerful belch, laid down, and fell asleep.

The next morning, the father reded himself for the day's hunting. Only this time, he had a companion: the Wendigo. His wife worried all day until she finally caught sight of husband and monster returning in the late afternoon. Her husband brought another deer over his shoulder. The Wendigo, however, returned with the bodies of two Indians.

This unusual family unit settled down for dinner. The Wendigo gobbled up the two corpses he had caught, and finding them insufficient, finished what was left of the freshly-killed deer. Such a relationship like this continued until the monster announced, one day, that it was time for him to leave.

"I have been idle long enough," said the Wendigo, "and I



have the world to travel. Before I depart, I have a gift for you." "This charm shall bring you success in hunting, keeping you and your family well-fed."

They thanked the Wendigo for the gift and bid him farewell. In his future hunts, the father would bring the charmed arrows with him and, just as the Wendigo had promised, his day's kill was great. For many months, the family was very well off, then, misfortune struck.

As was her usual habit, the wife's continued to keep watch for her husband's return from the day's hunting. One day, she once again spied what looked like a man walking on the water's surface. She went out to greet the Wendigo, but realized, all too late, that this was not the same Wendigo who had been their house guest. This second monster ripped apart their home in search of food and, not finding enough, devoured his hostess. Returning home, the husband found their lodge wrecked and his son crying. The child related the sorry story to his father.

After putting his boy to bed, he gathered up the remains of his wife and buried her with the charmed arrows.

In the days that followed, the Indian hunted often and for hours on end, trying to forget his wife's untimely end. He would leave his son at home alone, to practice with his bow and arrows and points. When he returned one day, he was startled to find his son talking to someone. Evening for him, he ran into the lodge expecting the worst. Instead, he found his son in the arms of his wife. The charmed arrows had brought her back to life. Tears came down the mighty hunter's cheeks as he hugged wife and son.

The Wendigo, charming personality that he is, still leads a doubtful existence in the minds of learned scientists. Forever receiving second billing under the Yeti, the Wendigo goes unnoticed by many people. Not one to let the Wendigo play second fiddle to his distant relative in the Himalayas, the Marvel Comics Group recognizes the public's love and thus gives equal time to the Wendigo, America's Abominable Snowman. Hey, Sialster Star—guess who's coming to dinner?



The neck,
stupid!
You're
supposed to
bite the
neck!

If I don't
guess her weight,
the little lady
wins a stuffed
panda!





I can't
go out like
this!

I need
a manicure!



MASTERS OF TERROR

Yours Truly,
BOB -
the Ripper!

The
Fear-Fables
of
**ROBERT
BLOCH**

by
Tony Isabella

It's been said many times that Robert Bloch has the heart of a small child.

And that he keeps it in a bottle on his desk.

Hobbies aside, Robert Bloch has brought to life more terrifying apparitions than a flock of defrocked Satanists. Readers of the old *Weird Tales* pulp magazine, not to mention those of Marvel Comics own *Journey Into Mystery* #3, will recall with a shudder the unworlly Shambler from the Stars, summoned to this mortal vale by that forbidden tome, *De Vermis Mysteriis* . . . the Mysterians of the Worm. Radio buffs probably look cautiously over their shoulders whenever they think of the man who introduced himself simply as "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper!" Cinema fans still talk about the Alfred Hitchcock classic about a mad killer, *Psycho*, authored by a guy named Bloch.

So what kind of background qualifies Robert Bloch for a lifetime career as a professional booby man? A childhood spent herding sheep in Transylvania and crying "severed!"? An adolescence spent as a patient in some Asylum? Perhaps a prison term in some strange *Torture Garden*? Try again.

He was born, not in Transylvania, but in Chicago. Not in the time before time, but on April 3, 1917. His parents were not Edgar Allen Poe and Mary Shelley, but Raphael A. Bloch, a bank cashier, and Stella Loeb Bloch, a school teacher and social worker. Now is that any way for a master of terror to get his start in the world? Not a trace of vampirism in the family!

Bloch's parents were both interested in the performing arts. His mother was skilled in light opera and piano. His father was a fan of the theater and vaudeville. Bloch saw the living players and the stars of the silent screen at their finest. One of the latter, Lon Chaney, Sr., would have a profound effect on the young man via his performance in the classic silent shocker, *The Phantom of the Opera*. This film introduced Bloch to the world of the macabre and the mysterious which was to become his forte.

An aunt introduced young Bloch to *Weird Tales*, the finest of the old pulp horror magazines, though quite unexpectedly. She had offered to buy her nephew any magazine on the stand. Whether he selected *Weird Tales* for its content or because of the sexy girl on the cover, we may never know, but he soon became a devotee of the publication and especially of one of its regular writers, the immortal H.P. Lovecraft.

A fan letter to Lovecraft resulted in a correspondence that lasted until that author's death in 1937. Bloch's early stories—his first, "The Feast in the Abbey," about a man who dines with a group of "monks" only to learn the main course is his brother, was published in the January, 1935, issue of *Weird Tales*—show a very strong Lovecraft influence. In fact, Bloch wrote Lovecraft into "The Shambler from the Stars" (*Weird Tales*, September, 1936) and was in turn written into the Lovecraft sequel to that story, "The Haunter of the Dark" (*Weird Tales*, December, 1936, and *Journey Into Mystery* #4). Marvel Comics will print the third story in this trilogy, Robert Bloch's "The Shadow in the Steeple" (from *Weird Tales*, September, 1936), in *Journey Into Mystery* #3 (on sale right now), adapted by noted science-fiction novelist, Ron Goulart, and Rich Buckler, one of comicdom's finest new artists.

Robert Bloch got into science-fiction writing when Ray Palmer became editor of *Amazing Stories* and started looking for Chicago-area writers. Almost immediately, Bloch did things a bit differently than his fellows. While they studied the mysteries of the coconut-ion drive and described the Mackerel Men of Tundania, he probed the effects space flight might have on the human mind. In "The Strange Flight of Richard Chytron" (*Amazing Stories*, March, 1939), Bloch told of a man locked in a windowless rocket, bereft of interior controls and supposedly on a ten-year flight to Mars. The man ages ten years, even though the rocket never leaves Earth and he has been inside it but one short week. Pretty heavy stuff for 1939, fellow travelers.



Anthony Perkins.

Alfred Hitchcock.

"Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper," a story Bloch considered routine when he wrote it for the July, 1943, issue of *Weird Tales*, was his first big success. It presented Bloch's own horrifying version of the harlot slayer of Whitechapel. His was a Jack whose brutal slayings were necromantic sacrifices to the Dark Gods, sacrifices that kept him young throughout eternity. This story has been reprinted over two dozen times, performed several times on radio, telecast as an episode of the Boris Karloff *Thriller* television show, and, most recently, adapted to the comics medium by Marvel Comics. In 1966, the story was read over Israeli radio, a singular honor in itself.

Bloch has traced the future adventures of Jack in two sequels of sorts. An episode of *Star Trek* entitled "Wolf in the Fold" and first telecast on December 22, 1967, traces the essence of the Ripper into the world of the starship Enterprise. A story done about the same time for Harlan Ellison's landmark original *s-f* anthology, *Dangerous Visions*, and entitled "A Toy For Juliette," brings Jack physically into a future world whose inhabitants have become as depraved as he himself. Both were spine-tingling reminders of the terror of Whitechapel. Both could have come only from the pen of Robert Bloch.

THE HOUSE THAT
DRIPPED BLOOD.





The radio adaptation of "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper" on the January 7, 1944, broadcast of *The Kate Smith Hour* (CBS) led to a handful of similar treatments of his stories on shows like *Melvin Mystery Theater* (NBC), *Murder by Experts* (CBS), *Dimension X* (NBC), *X Minus One* (NBC), and *Stay Tuned For Terror* (a Chicago-produced show). Bloch was hired to do 39 radio adaptations for *Stay Tuned for Terror*, but the show was cancelled when its producer died. Bloch gained valuable experience in writing screenplays for the aborted series, experience that would serve him well a decade or so later.

Bloch broke into the hard cover field with Arkham House's publication of a collection of his short stories, *The Opener of the Way*, in 1945. "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper" was picked for reprinting in several anthologies, including *The Fireside Book of Suspense*, edited by Alfred Hitchcock in 1947. This brought Bloch to the attention of the man who would someday produce his novel *Psycho* for the cinema.

THE DEADLY BEES.



Other book, novel, and magazine sales were made throughout the next decade, but none of them brought fame and wealth to Bloch. In 1959, things started to look up. Hitchcock bought the rights to *Psycho*. The 1959 World Science-Fiction Convention in Detroit voted him a Hugo award for the best short story of the year, "The Hell-Bound Train" (*The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction*, September, 1958). The story wasn't strictly science-fiction, but then, Bloch had been breaking the rules of conventional s-f for a long time. 1959 was a good year for him, but 1960 . . . WOW!

Psycho proved to be the biggest success of the year. Bloch was nominated by the Screenwriters' Guild for the Screenwriters' Annual Award. He won the "Edgar Allan Poe Special Award" from the Mystery Writers of America. The success of the film, plus his own tremendous ability, made Bloch a much sought-after writer when he moved to California to try his hand at television. His credits in this area include *Lock-Up*, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, *Thriller*, *Nightmare*, *Whispering Smith*, *Eleventh Hour*, *I Spy*, *Run For Your Life*, *Star Trek*, *Journey to the Unknown*, *Night Gallery*, and, most recently, *Ghost Story*. Several of his stories have been adapted for Japanese television and in 1966, he won the Ann Radcliffe Award for Television.

The silver screen also felt Bloch's master's touch with such films as *The Couch* (1960), *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1961), *Strait-Jacket* (1963), *The Night Walker* (1964), *The Skull*, for which he won the Third Trieste Film Festival Award in 1965, *The Psychopaths* (1966), *The Deadly Bees* (1967), *Torture Garden* (1968), *The House That Dripped Blood* (1971), and *Aydlure* (1972, reviewed in this issue). Bloch is currently working on a screenplay of his latest novel, *Night World*, for MGM.

Bloch is married to the former Eleanor Alexander and lives with her and his daughter, Selly (from a previous marriage), on a hilltop above Los Angeles in the Hollywood Hills area. He continues to write his tales of terror and suspense, his way of making peace with the Dark Gods. They will hopefully allow him to live forever and thus insure that future generations will be treated to a storyteller as cutting in his own way as the man called Jack was in his. Hmm . . . where did all that fog come from?

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I'd like to express my appreciation to Randall Larson and Fandom Unlimited Enterprises for their fine publication, *The Robert Bloch Fanzine*. It was invaluable in preparing this article. If you're a fan of Robert Bloch (and who isn't?), this is a must for your collection. Send 75¢ to Fandom Unlimited Enterprises at 774 Vista Grande Avenue, Los Altos, California 94022. Better enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your order in case the magazine is sold out. Considering the quality of this venture, that's a definite possibility!



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HURRY! IT'S A CHANCE TO SELL OUT!



A fine thing!
I asked for
Perry Mason—
and I get
her!

Don't knock it.
She's the finest
legal mind in
the state.



It's nothing
to be alarmed
about. Just a
case of swollen
glands.

MARVEL'S MIGHTIEST MONSTERS



WEREWOLF BY NIGHT

by CHRIS CLAREMONT



THE
MOON--
IT'S SO FULL
--SO
BRIGHT--



AND--I'M
STARTING TO
CHANGE
AGAIN--



--TURNING
INTO--



Moonrise.

Lover's moon, harvest moon, warlock's moon—different things to different people. It's an old friend to courting high school couples out for a night on the town (until, of course, the

local constabulary arrives and then it becomes a bit of a hand-cup)—and it makes the *Daily News* happy every fall when the Harvest Moon ball comes to town and fifty quadrillion people go out dancing 'til dawn. And where would your average

WEREWOLF BY NIGHT

diemonic fiend be without its eerie, unreal light to inspire him to greater and gorier feats of depravity? The moon doesn't care; it just keeps shining on, like it knew something we don't. . .

Confused, frantic one—the title does say *Werewolf By Night*, right? Not a freaked-out rap about the moon. Bear with us and all will be made clear as New Jersey smog, anon.

Once Man feasted the moon. But no more. We've been there too many times, seen it close up in black-and-white and color. It has a makeshift golf course now, and a dragstrip complete with an abandoned multi-million dollar "dragster." It even has litter, quite a few piles in fact, and no EPA to cry "FOUL!" No one's found any gross cheese yet but NASA says it's only a matter of time. Which makes our moon a very old, very dead, rock; and what's there to fear from that?

Nothing.

Nothing? Tell that to one Jack Russell, of Los Angeles, California, scion of a wealthy, respected house, young, handsome, intelligent, articulate—suddenly and recently mature far beyond his years—and inheritor of a dark-edged strain of genes that spring to life every fourth week of every month of every year since his eighteenth birthday. He won't laugh with you, thought. He can't, you see, because every night the full moon rises and touches him with its light, the werewolf lurking in his soul pulls free and roams the earth. And for those three nights, Hell becomes a very real, oft-visited place.

His story has two beginnings—as does every one that creaks out of this New Yorkouthouse—one old, one new. The new one began a couple of years ago when Marvel's numero uno creative whip—our fearless editor, Roy Thomas—lashed out with this idea for a werewolf book. Hot stuff. When he was thru talking, Gerry Conway and Mike Ploog were seen reeling off into the nether darkness that perpetually shrouds Marvel's ninth-floor *eyrie*—except when Stan tosses some thunderbolts out his window to liven up Madison Avenue a bit—skulking through shadows as they worked to turn Roy's idea into reality. How they did it is whispered now and again, in dark corners and Ninth Avenue bars, but common decency prevents my retelling it here. Anyway, when all was said and done (or scribbled and drawn), they sat back and let our peerless production department turn *Werewolf By Night* loose on an unsuspecting America. And America woke up one morning to find a very rare gem on their comic stand, scratched down behind *Milke the Model*. They looked, they liked; and WBN became a hit.

That's one side of Jack's story. The other, as chronicled by Gerry so far (and to be continued by Len Wein), is just as mad, but not pleasant. Not pleasant at all (but take notes anyway, frantic ones; they'll be a test). It began centuries ago, in Europe, with a Satanically-inspired monk named Aelfric





the Mad; and Aelfric's book of spells, the Darkhold. Aelfric was exposed as a warlock and burned at the stake, but his book survived him, passing from hand to bloody hand over the long years—its evil touching and damning, eventually destroying all who possessed it—until, finally, it came into the possession of a South European baron, a good man, brilliant in his own right, perhaps as powerful a warlock as Aelfric. But the book cursed him too, in its own macabre way, pulling free the lycanthropic genes that had lain dormant in his body since birth, turning him into a werewolf at every full moon. The Baron fought the book's influence, coped with it, survived; he took an American wife and she bore him a son, Jacob, then a daughter, Elisabeth. Fate let him be 'til just before Lisa's birth, when a bolt of lightning shattered the tower where he'd imprisoned himself to protect those he loved from the werewolf. Free to hunt, the werewolf killed, and was soon killed in turn.

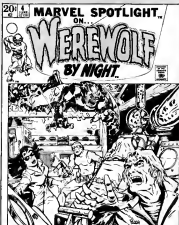
The Baroness Laura returned to America with her two children and married one Phillip Russell, who took her west with him to live in Los Angeles. There, the four of them were happy for a time; The Darkhold, though, was not done with the Baron's family, not by a long chalk. Its power reached 'round the world—though the book itself was now owned by Miles Blackgar, a multimillionaire reclusive—and the Baron's werewolf curse fell heavy on Jack Russell's shoulders, death falling brutally hard on his mother's, though the instrument of that death was Phillip Russell's chauffeur, Grant. The werewolf (once Jack) killed Grant, later became the catalyst that destroyed Miles Blackgar and his young, Medusa-cursed daughter, Marlene. The werewolf fought many times since that fateful first night; there was Andrea Timely, who wanted the Darkhold and died for that wanting; men like Captain and Joshua Kane, who needed the werewolf to fulfill a twisted need within themselves, and who found only death. And then there was the reincarnated spirit of Aelfric, who tried to control Jack as he had tried—and failed—to control the Baron before him; he failed this time, too, but only barely.

Which leaves us with Lisa. Little Lisa, the only friend to share Jack's secret. She watches him with hooded, fearing eyes, wondering about the first full moon after his eighteenth birthday, wondering if she'll find herself crouching on a beach staring at hands-becoming-furred claws and hearing a keening howl echo high at the moon, erupting from her own throat. Will she hunt like her brother, kill, be killed in turn? Who can say?

Eighteen. It's not as far off as it once was.

So, gentle reader, look on Jack Russell as he fights a monthly battle for his soul in every issue of *Werewolf by Night*. For, in that struggle, the cursed young man represents the extremes of humanity... the beast and, God willing, the man.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Besides appearing in his own monthly comic book, *Werewolf by Night* is scheduled to make a guest appearance with Spider-Man in *Marvel Team-Up #12*, the August issue, on sale in May.





If you
ask me, this
neighborhood's
getting too
integrated!



Where GHOULS rush in...

Dear Stan,

What a glorious surprise! MONSTERS TO LAUGH WITH and MONSTERS UNLIMITED reincarnated. It really brings back the good old days of 1964, when I bought my first copy of MTLW. I followed the entire series until it was discontinued. It's good to have you back. Now the new generation can enjoy what was so important to mine.

I can give you some information on THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS, per your request on the credits page of issue #1. The movie was made in 1959 and starred Don Sullivan, Jeanne Carmen, and Jack Kevan as the "amphibeast." Kevan created the monster make-up, as he has in the past for the following films:

- 1) The witches and Muenchens in THE WIZARD OF OZ;
- 2) The Creature from the Black Lagoon in the three films of that series;
- 3) The creature in MONSTER ON THE CAMPUS;
- 4) The creatures in THE MOLE PEOPLE;
- 5) All of James Cagney's make-up for THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES;
- 6) The Metaluna Mutant in THIS ISLAND EARTH;
- 7) The Cyclopean Xenomorph in IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE;
- 8) The Mummy, the Wolf Man, and the Frankenstein Monster in the Abbott and Costello series;
- 9) The Spencer Tracy transformation in DR JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE; and
- 10) The decay in THE PORTRAIT OF DORIAN GRAY.

The picture takes place around a lighthouse off the shore of California, which the Piedras Blancas beast haunts. I won't go into the plot, but the action is fast paced and lasts an hour and twelve minutes. That's all the info I have. I hope it's of some use to you.

I would also like to say that the list

of film credits is so GREAT, service above and beyond the call of duty. And that's the sign of a sure winner! Thanks so much for reading this and keep up the high quality.

James Carol Aschbacher,
400 Prairie Ave., Apt. 2
Wilmette, IL 60091

Thanks for the information on THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS, James. Don't miss the shots of Jack Kevan and the make-up for the Creature from the Black Lagoon in our article on the polvoristic Gili-Men.

It may interest you to know that your letter was typical of many we received. Seems the old MONSTERS TO LAUGH WITH had more loyal followers than we realized. What can we say but . . . we're back to stay!

(Unfortunately, the film credits page this issue had to be removed at the last minute. But we hope to restore it in issue #4.)

Dear Stan,

Congrats are in order for your latest smash hit, MONSTER MADNESS. I can hardly wait until the next issue comes out. Maybe if enough warped asylum inmates bother to write, you can start a letters section.

How about using some old favorites from the Spider-Man comic book in your mag? Namely, morgue-loving Morbius and the lumpy Lizard!

And, of course, we'll all be expecting a special Christmas issue. No kidding!

Bruce Martin, 3128 Douglas Lane
Kennesaw, Ga. 30144

A special Christmas issue? Maybe featuring Santa Claws and Rudolph the Red-Nosed Vampire? Sheesh!

This issue introduces a series as Marvel's mightiest monsters, Bruce, so we'll probably cover the Lizard before too long. As for Morbius, take a look at VAMPIRE TALES #1. Of Marby is getting up in the world!

No matter how many fearless fanatics write in, we are not going to run a letters column in this otherwise high-class publication!

Dear Stan,

I just captured the first issue of MONSTER MADNESS. It's really good, but I have a few suggestions. First of all, put in a letters section. Every magazine has a letters section. Second, instead of putting jokes all over the place, put a few articles on the movies in the mag. Third, try to make your new mag at least a bi-monthly. I really hate having to wait three whole months for a new issue. Good luck with MNL, Stan. I'm eagerly awaiting issues number two and beyond!

James Arena, 4 Berkeley Pl.
Smithtown, N.Y. 11787

As you can see, James, we've added those articles you requested with this issue. There's even an outside chance that MNL can go bi-monthly if sales hold up. However, we have no plans of putting a letters section in this magazine. No way!

Dear Stan,

Words cannot describe how astonished I was to unspectacularly walk into our bookstore and find issue number one of MONSTER MADNESS! In my thirteen years, I've never had the opportunity to pick up the very first issue of a classic monster magazine. This first issue will become a collector's item in the years to come! It was so horrible (funny) that I couldn't put it down until I almost memorized every page. I even found a mistake. In the movie credits page, you had pages fifty-six and fifty-seven mixed up. But that's okay. They were great anyway.

Tom Woodruff Jr.,
1314 Adeline Road, R.D. #3
Montoursville, Pa. 17754

One mistake? Around here, that's the cue to close up the office and go out and celebrate! Face front, Tom! You're our kind of far-out fiend!

Dear Stan,

I really like your new mag. It's very, very well-written. When are you going to write a magazine or comic book about Godzilla, the Mummy, the Creature from the Black Lagoon, or King Kong? They would be great! Keep up



The
Partridge Family?
No, they're next
door.

HE LIVES! HE STRIKES! NO GRAVE CAN HOLD HIM!

THE ZOMBIE COMETH!

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CREATION **STALKS** THE NIGHT--
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STREETS OF **NEW ORLEANS**-- AND
THE BLAZING BATTLEFIELDS OF
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APRIL 17TH!**



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sure you don't
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alone?



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gotta stop
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PREEE... SENTING

OUR MONSTER MONOLOGUE OF THE MONTH

(The winner of issue #1's "What is Lon Chaney Saying?" contest!)



Submitted by:
Christine Harviletz
449 W. Pine Street
Frackville, Pennsylvania
17931

And, leave us not forget those fearsome fiends who so unhesitatingly shared with us their own rip-tickling rousers! In other words, let's give a screech for the honorable mention heroes!

Kevin Petrillo
Bridgeport, Conn.

Bruce Duling
Deavenport, Iowa

S.J. Hell
Merietta, Oklahoma

Duke Cohen
Kokomo, Indiana

John Del Galzo
Petchogus, New York

David Bernerd
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Deanna Sonju
Cut Bank, Montana

Ralph Lawson Jr.
St. George, South Carolina

Jeckle Jeen
Huntington Park, California

Ramember—next issue we reveal the winner of MONSTER MADNESS #2's "What is Bela Lugosi Saying?" contest! And, if you think that's your last chance to top Sinister Stan with a ghestly gag of your own, then step to the beck of the sarcophagus and turn the page—

For you to fill in

Here's another silent shocker for you to embellish with some horrible humor of your own. So dip your trembling little claws in some blood and start writing. Send your gags to Sinister Stan, MONSTER MADNESS, 575 Madison Ave., New York, New York 10022. Winners will be announced in issue #5.



And now, just because we love ya, here's another surprise

THESE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE THOUSANDS WHO SENT US LETTERS, CONTEST CAPTIONS, GHOULIES, GHOSTIES, LONG-LEGGED BEASTIES, AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT!



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Franklin Square, N.Y.
John A. Lador
McKeesport, Pa.
Michael C. Perelle
Piscataway, N.J.
John Briggs
Houston, Texas
Don Goldsund
Riverside, N.Y.
Troy Herzberger
Leonia, Ind.
John McCarty
Addison, Ill.
William Conway
Jersey City, N.J.
Matt King
Sunnyvale, Cal.
Ron Sisson
Scarborough, Ontario
Jody Brown
Victoria, B.C.
Denny Ray Smith
Meridian, Miss.
Ricky Green
Cleveland, Ohio
Monica B. Mobley
Louisville, Ky.
Stephen Gucker
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Leo Caffrey
Waukegan, Conn.
Ethan Bonds
Carson City, Nev.
Don Roberts
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Lee Peterson
Grand Island, Neb.

Wanda Butts
Largo, Fla.
Michael L. Dixon
Athens, Ga.
Kevin McDougall
Victoria, B.C.
John Lewandowski
Jersey City, N.J.
Mrs. Doreen Seyer
Mariaville, La.
Ken Taylor
Lyndhurst, Ohio
Gary Whitson
Galesburg, N.J.
Anthony Marchione
Utica, N.Y.
Billy and Mike Kelly
West Haven, Conn.
Andy Wilzen
New York, N.Y.
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Roanoke, Va.
Walter Sweetblade
Providence, R.I.
John Burnhale
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Michelle Mann
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Jon Dixon
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New York, N.Y.
Janet Strilgys
State College, Pa.
Bill James
Santa Cruz, Ca.
Picky Weir
Sunnyvale, Ca.
Matt King
Sunnyvale, Ca.
Brian Perry
Attleboro, Mass.
Dorrie Fisher
Bridgeton, N.J.
Laron Town
Cass Lake, Minn.
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Matt Goulash
Frankenmuth, Mich.
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Chuck Moline II
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Ed Ludwig
Kinnelon, N.J.
Denny Scoville
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Charles Weaver
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Scott Graser
Spokane, Wash.
Mark Whittaker
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New Milford, Conn.
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Beylode, N.Y.
Sara Ann Conkling
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David McEnerly
Lynn, Mass.
Frank J. Horky
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